THE VOICE OF THE WIND,

By

Mrs. Edward Leigh.

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The Voice of the Wind.

AN echo was borne me on the wind,
It sounded like a sigh,
"Some one in grief!" it seemed to say,
And my heart made this reply.
"Is it the sailor on ocean tossed,
By the wild wind and the wave;
Or is it the mother at home on land,
Who pleads with Heaven to save?"
"Both sigh deeply, their hearts are drear,
But it was not their sighs that reached thine ear."

"Who can it be?" said my heart again;
"The child with its first great grief,
When it lays its head on the mother's breast
And in slumber finds relief?
Or the bride ere the ring has already thrown
Its magic circlet round,
Does she weep to part from a home well loved,
For another on stranger-ground?"
"Both the tears of the child and the bride were sincere,
But it was not their sound that reached thine ear."

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The Voice of the Wind.

"Does the widow sigh loud as she sits alone,
And recalls the happy past,
When loving arms were around her thrown,
And she thought such joy could last?
A little mound in the churchyard low,
Is all that now meets her eyes;
Ah! sad indeed is the widow's lot,
No wonder that she sighs."
"To desolate hearts there are sighs and tears,
But it is not these sounds that reach thine ears"

"Tell me, O wind, who art passing by,
What my heart desires to know;
What are the dismal sounds I hear,
Through what channel do they flow?
Are they regrets of the thousands dead,
Who passed from this earth of yore,
Who neglected to work while yet 'twas day,
And who now can work no more?"
"Yes," saith the wind, "but few mortals hear
The sounds of woe which strike thine ear."

Behold a lesson to thee is given,
When the rustling winds pass by;
To work for the Master great in Heaven,
Before thou art called to die.
For many and many lie low in dust,
Who would warn you, if they could,
To labour and strive and pray on earth,
To win men to be good,
Lest thou, too, come, in future years,
To sigh like the wind which meets thine ears.

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